

The Marion Daily Mirror

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TELEPHONE - - - No. 9.

WEATHER—Rain Thursday; cold in northwest portion; Fr day cold and fair except snow flurries in northwest portion, brisk to high west winds.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1907.

Surely no one ever accused Jerry Simpson of hoarding money in his sock.

William Jennings Bryan has the faculty of saying the right thing at the right time.

If the president is still hunting the octopus, he must have decided to go on a "still hunt."

Thaw's attorneys may ask for a change of venue. Why not try to secure the attraction for Marion?

"Democrat in Spots," will hardly become as common an expression as "nature lakir" or "undesirable citizen."

This is the day for football, turkey and Thanksgiving and in recent years the three have ranked in importance in the order named.

The great majority of American citizens only know that there are new \$10 coins in circulation because they read it in the papers.

Alabama has now gone dry. The Southern colonel is making his last stand in Kentucky, but he will soon be a thing of the past.

"Why should we worry?" asks an exchange. Well, for one reason, because it makes work for the doctors, who need the money.

The intentions of some Republican politicians, including President Roosevelt, may be of the best, but it is said, "Hell is paved with good intentions."

During the period of quiet in the White House Mr. Bonaparte might be able to slip up on some malfactor of great wealth without his having been alarmed.

With an attack to be made on the salary law in the next session of the legislature, it is a great comfort to know that Marion county will be represented by a man who is a staunch advocate of the salary system.

Despite the fact that they claim the office does not pay, the auditors of Ohio sneered State Auditor Guilbert to the echo when he suggested making the term in office four years.

A Western man purchased a book at a second-hand store and found four \$20 bills between the leaves. Hereafter he will probably smile when a dealer assures him that there is no money in second-hand books.

Leaving "In God We Trust," off of the new ten dollar gold piece may be responsible for the present scarcity of money. The relic hunters may have made a rush for the ones which placed trust in the Almighty.

The Louisville Courier-Journal thinks that Governor Beckham is the veritable appendix attached to the body politic in Kentucky. And in view of his irritated and irritable condition just now, doubtless it would be an excellent idea to cut him out.

A CHOICE

And inexpensive Christmas Gift would be engraved calling cards, from \$1.25 per hundred and up. Better attend to it at once.

C. G. WIANT

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.
The Home of Post Cards.

President Roosevelt has evidently defogged the usually clear brain of former United States Senator Spooner, for he said when asked whether Mr. Roosevelt will be a candidate for president again? "God alone knows. He has said he won't be a candidate. He has said he will be a candidate. He is impulsive. He is erratic. He is honest in his desires, but the man does not live who can say whether he will run again or not. That's it. Teddy keep the rascals guessing."

The Italian laborer in Chicago who is supporting a wife and fourteen children on \$2 a day doesn't lose any sleep worrying over the safety of his bank account. It's an ill wind that blows in one direction all the time.

The other day a man pulled a chair from under a friend about to sit down and succeeded in fracturing his skull. It would be pretty safe to bet that this same idiot makes a specialty of boat-rocking joke.

There is a deal of whispering in Washington about the Preciado case, the point of interest consists in the contradictory positions taken by the President and the Senate Department in regards to Brownsville Affair in August 1906. Preciado was a citizen of Mexico living in Brownsville, and claiming to have been wounded in the hand by soldiers of the United States in the riot at Brownsville, and therefor, demands \$10,000 damages from our government. The State Department denies that American soldiers did the injury with the knowledge or consent of their officers, or after the officers had such notice of impending trouble as to put them on their guard and oblige them to take precautionary measures. Preciado replies that this position is contrary to the declarations of the President of the United States, and the testimony on the subject. In other words Preciado takes the Roosevelt view of the riot, while the State Department insists on the Foraker view. It is a pretty case.

Among Magazines.

Why New York Has Horse-Cars. "Street Railway Financiers" is the December instalment of Burton J. Hendrick's "Great American Fortunes" series, now running in McClure's. The present chapter is an absorbing story of the exploiting of the street railways of Chicago and Philadelphia, now bankrupt, who, becoming profligate turned their attention to New York with incredible success. Mr. Hendrick piles up the appalling facts taken from the statements of the Metropolitan directors. He says:

"The Metropolitan stockholders, however, have not only paid these enormous sums for work actually done, but have furnished many millions for work not done at all; that is, their officers have received many millions for new construction work and they have not so expended it. One quarter of all the street railways on Manhattan Island are still operated by horse-power. In only one American city is the old-fashioned horse-car still utilized on a large scale, and that is the American metropolis. Ten little jingling horse-car roads still cross Broadway; the great East Side, the world, is a network of horse-car lines. And Cyclones Center of Poverty Hollow would blush for the quality of the service rendered. The cars are small, uncleanly, dimly lighted and virtually unheated. In the winter time a fair sized snowstorm practically ends the service; in summer the cars run at infrequent intervals. The Metropolitan officially explains the situation on the ground that the traffic in these horse-car streets is not large enough to justify the expense of electric equipment. The fact is, however, that the company has obtained the money for the reconstruction of these lines and has not expended it for that purpose. In 1902 the stockholders furnished \$12,000,000 for electricity equipment, eight miles of street railways still operated by horse-power. The company has equipped only thirty-six miles, and the money has all disappeared."

On waking in the morning I found the boat moored to the bank, and on going upon deck, the long array of tents stretching away in the distance told me that I was in the presence of the Army of Texas. I soon found the camp of my own regiment where I was warmly greeted with a soldier's welcome. After breakfast I started in company with one of my friends to pay my respects and report to General Taylor. As we

were walking across the camp, I observed riding toward us a man with a round, ruddy face, and himself rather stout and whom in the North I should have taken for a country farmer, for he had on an immense pair of coarse shoes, which from the distance seemed to have quarreled with the bottoms of his trousers, for they were a long way asunder, and he bore a broken-down horse, the equipment of which was in keeping with the general appearance. As he neared us my companion raised his hat, the salute was acknowledged, and as the rider came up to us, I was introduced to General Taylor. I inwardly asked myself if it were possible that this man was the hero of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. A better acquaintance with his history has given me a better insight into the man. He is one born to fortune. His whole success had been a matter of luck. Personal bravery he possesses to a high degree, but a mind to conceive of a genius to execute is not in him. A thorough study of the battles, the grounds, and situations of the army, both before and after the victories, has convinced me of this. In neither battle did he display skill for each was a hand-to-hand conflict in which the bravest was victorious, and with a disciplined enemy of equal force with our own, nothing would have been left to us but defeat—total defeat. But let him wear the laurels to which a hundred young officers in the army are better entitled; it becomes not me to disrobe him. From "The Letters of Gen. Charles S. Hamilton," in the December Metropolitan Magazine.

LAWSON AND "BILL" GREENE.
The newspapers on Wednesday morning carried a half-page savage attack on Lawson over the signature of William C. Greene. It was a perfect piece of work, so perfect that it was plainly evident that Greene had not written it. Only a master, a man schooled in the use of invective, could have penned that terrible indictment. Greene closed his attack with this threat:

"Tomorrow, in Boston, I shall call upon you. I for many years have stood as a worker, as a man who has built up and who has created and I know the savings of a lifetime of many honest investors have been swept away by the falsehoods that you have spread abroad through the public press. Tomorrow, at your office, I shall denounce you for what you are. The Master long ago said: 'By your works ye shall be judged.' Personally I shall call upon you for your answer tomorrow."

"Bill" Greene had the reputation of being a gun fighter. He had killed his man—there were notches on his gun stock. In the Wall Street game it is always allowable to empty the other fellow's pockets, but murder is tabooed. And so Wall Street gasped, and then laughed, at the copper miner's threat. Wall and State Streets eagerly awaited the encounter. Greene, despite the entreaties of his friends, hurried over to Boston (in the luxury of a New Haven limited train) and went to the Touraine (Boston's most luxurious hotel). Lawson stuffed three pistols in his pockets and announced that he would wait for the Arizona gunfighter on the steps of the old State House. The selection of the old State House steps for the scene of the climax of the drama was worthy of Belasco, the playwright. Lawson waited there on the steps for Greene, while the expectant crowd of passers-by eagerly awaited the meeting. But Greene did not come. Then Lawson went boldly up to the Touraine and sent up his card. The gunfighter accepted the challenge. He asked Lawson to come up to his rooms. The two men met. No shots were fired. A little later the Wall Street news tickers received this bulletin by telegraph:

"Greene and Lawson bombarding each other with champagne corks. No lives lost, but great damage done to the Touraine wine cellars."

Hours afterwards Greene and Lawson appeared arm in arm, and each told what a good fellow the other was. And the melodrama became a comedy—a farce. That was the end of the Lawson panic. Stocks began to recover, and the bull market was soon going merrily along again. Investors guessed, too, that Lawson had made a fortune out of his hysteria, for it soon became common gossip that the Boston operator had sold a big line of Amalgamated at top prices before he shrieked "Sell," and

Fill the Tank

with gasoline if you want the motor-car to go. The oil supplies the power that makes the wheels turn round.

The human machine is set in motion in the same way by

Scott's Emulsion

Folks are like motor-cars. At times they get run down. Scott's Emulsion is full of power. It not only produces flesh but gives new power to weak bodies.

All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.



The "rise" in trousers is often made too short. The Hangwell way is to give room enough for comfort which also makes Hangwells hang well. Study the picture and get the book.

You will never find any other trousers that contain all of the splendid features of which we show in our advertisement. They give you convenience, added proof of durability, and work and beautiful finish. They are made of the finest material and are not found in any other trousers.

NEW YORK C. KANYON CO. CHICAGO

Address all correspondence to the factories, 1474 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. If you are interested in these trousers say so, also send your dealer's name and address and we will send free our handsome set of colored "Don" Pictures, entitled "Revelation of a Bachelor."

had bought it back from his followers cheap in the midst of the panic when he was shrieking "Sell" the loudest. And this gossip was the naked truth. Lawson had made hundreds of thousands of dollars beyond the cost of his advertising. From "The Real Lawson" by Frank Fayant in "Success Magazine."

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC.

Captain B. S. Osborn, secretary of the Arctic Club, and once a petty officer under Farragut, writing in Recreation for December, tells a very interesting story of a Christmas he spent in the Arctic almost sixty years ago. The crew of the ice-bound ship gave a theatrical performance. "Christmas Eve was the opening night of the theater," says Captain Osborn, "the first one ever known in those regions. It opened to a full house, and yet not an advertisement had appeared in any paper on the face of the globe. No flaring posters had adorned the walls of the village on shore, but the villagers were all there as first lighters."

Promptly at eight o'clock the orchestra—the minstrel band—in lieu of an opening overture, gave us a selection from their repertoire, which was generously applauded, and to the tinkling of a bell up went the curtain. The play was "Black-eyed Susan," adapted from a famous old song of that name, well known to all sailors in those times. It was a play in three acts, interspersed with some familiar sea ditties of the day. Susan was the star of the evening and the young fellow who took her part played and looked it to perfection. His make-up was very clever, considering the material at his command. The wig had been made of fine combed yarns braided as deftly as any girl could have done it. Susan's cheeks and lips were very red from the paint pot—and large pendant earrings dangled from her ears. Her dress was faultless in fashion and fit, her carriage graceful and she acted the girl to the unbounded satisfaction of the vast assemblage. The Esquimaux portion of the audience was amazed at the performance, but Susan was an even greater puzzle to them. None of them had ever seen a white woman. It was good as a play to watch those poor, untutored natives as they followed the piece with intense wonderment.

A HIGH COMPLIMENT.

One of the highest encomiums which Mme. Sembrich ever received did not come because of her singing at all but from her skill in a very different direction. The singer is an ardent horsewoman. While in New York she may frequently be seen riding in Central Park. Her nerves are of the sort to put the average man to shame, and her muscles made strong by constant piano practice can tame the most refractory steed.

One day in Berlin, while riding on the parade grounds, her horse, a

white Barbary mare, became unruly. For ten minutes there was an exciting struggle between rider and horse and then the charger tamed down. Mme. Sembrich, intent upon the animal, did not notice that an anxious crowd had assembled and was eagerly watching the outcome of her efforts. Finally, when the horse was brought to submission, she started away, and at the same time became aware of the crowd of spectators. But, above all, two officers rode up and saluted. "Madame," said one of the officers, "if you were not the greatest singer in the world, you would be the empress of the circus."

THE "WEDGWOOD WASHINGTON PORTRAITS."

The classic relief on the medalion labelled "Washington" is further evidence of the extraordinary demand in England during our revolution for portraits of the great American General. The model was obtained from a bronze medal, issued in 1777, labelled "Geo. Washington General of the Continental Army in America." Contemporary accounts describe it as being struck at the instance of Voltaire, who supplied the legend on its reverse: "Washingt. Reunit Par un Rare Assemblage Les Talents Duguesier & Les Vertus Du Sage." (Washington combines by singular union the talents of a warrior and the virtues of a philosopher.) No portraits of Washington were obtainable from which to work. Indeed it was not until three years later, when Valentine Green made his great mezzotint from Trumbull's portrait, that the true portrait of Washington was seen by his English adherents. A classic type of face was selected as emblematic of the principles Washington was defending. Thirteen known varieties in model, size and color demonstrate its extraordinary popularity. The size of the head varies from three and a half inches in length on a medallion to that of one-third of an inch in an intaglio seal ring. It appeared on pink, black and blue jasper bases and in basalt. In some models shoulders draped with classic garments were added.

The other portrait of Washington is of a familiar type and was modelled from the dry-point etching of Washington made by Joseph Wright (the son of Mrs. Patience Wright) one Sunday morning in 1789 when Washington was attending divine service in St. Paul's Chapel New York. From "Josiah Wedgwood, Amer.



Francis X. Hope, who is Jack M. Welch's partner in the road tour of Geo. M. Cohan's "The Honey-mooners" is practically a newcomer in the theatrical managerial field. For the past two years Mr. Hope has been denoting his energies to the affairs of that clever actress, Adelaide Thurston, and she is still under his direction.

Francis Hope came into New York some two and a half years ago, practically unknown. He assumed, but gentlemanly manner, and a way he had of paying cash for everything he ordered soon made him a host of friends in the profession and he prospered. Last summer after "The Honey-mooners" had made its big hit on the New Amsterdam Roof, in New York city, Jack Welch had a hunch to try for a certified rights. He succeeded in getting check on Sam's desk, with the option on the play, then he commenced to look for a partner with available capital to put the necessary funds for the scenic and electrical paraphernalia and a signing of this story that Francis deposit on advance royalties.

One Sunday night he mentioned the matter to Mr. Hope. "Is it a good road show, do you think," asked Francis X. "Come over tomorrow night and sit it for yourself," was Welch's answer. Hope went over the next night and after the last act buttonholed Welch in the lobby, with the query, "How much coin will we have to put up?" "Ten thousand dollars," answered Welch. "Five thousand for the production and five thousand on account of advance royalties." "What time will Mr. Harris be in his office tomorrow?" was Hope's next query. "Ten o'clock." It was hardly ten thirty the next morning when Hope sent his card in to Sam H. Harris and upon being shown into that man's sanctum he laid a certified check on Sam's desk, with the remark: "Hope and Welch present Geo. M. Cohan's rural musical play, 'The Honey-mooners.'"

That's why I said at the beginning of this story that Francis X. Hope pays cash for everything he orders.

ican Sympathizer and Portrait Maker" by R. T. H. Halsey, in the December Christmas Scribner.

IN THE WAKE OF A CITY FOOD INSPECTOR.

Woman's Home Companion in its crusade against the dirty grocery store gives this graphic picture of a trained health officer:

In front of a store where groceries and green goods are sold he pauses. His trained glance has caught behind the tray of sound scarlet tomatoes a basket used apparently to prop up the tray. In reality he finds that it is filled with half-rotten tomatoes, which some "thrifty" housewife on bargain bent will purchase to cut for soup, or, perhaps, after cutting away the best parts, to serve raw to her unsuspecting family. This arouses his suspicion regarding the entire store.

"He darts inside and catches the proprietor of the shop by the apron strings. The man is sneaking into a back room with a huge tray of bread, cake and pies, which have been uncovered and exposed to dust and dirt on top of a filthy glass case. "Next he makes a quick move in the direction of the tumble-down refrigerator. As he opens the door a most unpleasant odor salutes his nostrils. Cockroaches and water bugs run this way and that. The pipe has clogged up and the water has settled in a slimy pool beneath the rack."

"I warned you, before the magistrate you go," and he signals the policeman on the opposite corner."

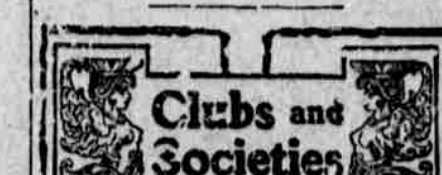
ANDREW CARNEGIE PLAYED SANTA CLAUS.

"The Carnegies always come home from their castle in Scotland in time to celebrate Christmas in New York," says Mabel Potter Daggett in the December Delineator. "When Santa Claus arrives, he knows a little girl lives here by the red swing that hangs in one corner of the Italian garden among the marbles and rare shrubbery. Margaret is what seems along Fifth Avenue very intimate with her father and mother. On Christmas eve the 'laird of Skibo' and his wife hang their stockings along with her's in the nursery. And I can imagine his little daughter hussling Andrew Carnegie out in the early morning in bathrobe and slippers to see what Santa has left. Once he brought the most beautiful brush and comb you ever saw, in a toilet set of gold that cost two thousand dollars. On the afternoon of Christmas day, there is a tree in the great drawing room. The family enter, preceded by a Scotch musician, playing Scotch airs on real Scotch bagpipes. Santa Claus himself presently is there. But it is a curious fact that just before he arrives, Andrew Carnegie has an engagement outside. Two years ago, Santa Claus, with his red coat sprinkled with cotton to look like snow, caught fire from some of the decorations. The nurses and governesses hurried Margaret away so that she should not see the catastrophe. And it was a strange coincidence, but for a week or more afterward, Mr. Carnegie went around with his hand done up in a bandage."

SQUIBB-HARRUFF

Nuptials are Performed by the Rev. O. J. Stone.

The wedding of Miss Myrtle S. Squibb and Mr. Elmer W. Harruff took place Monday evening at the home of Rev. O. J. Stone on Mt. Vernon avenue. Only a few intimate friends witnessed ceremony. The young people left on a trip to Sidney and other cities. On their return they expect to make their home in this city. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Harruff of this city and the bride is one of the best-known young women of Claridon township. Both are most estimable young people.



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The Tally Wags enjoyed their first formal dance of the season last night at the club hall, about thirty couples attending. An excellent musical program was rendered by Dowler's orchestra. Refreshments were served during an intermission in the dancing.

Mrs. E. J. Staiger entertained a small company of friends at a dinner party at the Hotel Marion today noon. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Claude Walters and daughter Mary, Mrs. Ellen Riley, Miss Ollie Riley, Miss Grace Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scribner and Mr. and Mrs. Staiger.

The Refinement of Humiliation.
To shout in your wildest tones "Fore!" to those playing 150 yards in advance, and then, when they have scurried to cover, drive the ball three yards two feet and seven inches—Life.

SEE'S LAXATIVE, HONEY AND LIFES

NOW IS THE TIME

To make your selection. Come now when our stock is complete, pick out what you want we will lay aside until xmas and deliver your purchases in perfect condition.



Morris chair like cut, American quartersawn oak and polished. Upholstered in good grade Venura Velour. Special price \$6.75. \$1.00 Down, 50c per week

McCLAIN'S

The Christmas Season

With all it's good time of gift-giving, is nearly here. The old problem, "What to Give," faces you again, and as a practical help in choosing your gifts would suggest something worth while. In fact, nothing would be more acceptable than a fine gold watch for lady or gentlemen, therefore, you'll find it more convenient to do your trading now, as we lay them aside and engrave them free.

G. W. BOWERS
Jeweler Optician

DEMURRER SUSTAINED

In Suit of Mooney Against Titus.

DEATH OF DEFENDANT

Reported in Case of Modrack Against Fitzgerald.

Court Gives Sarah E. Harney Leave to Plead Instanter in Injunction Suit Against City.

In the injunction suit of Sarah E. Harney against the city of Marion, leave has been given the plaintiff to plead instanter. Mrs. Harney sued to restrain the city from using the street flusher, claiming that as a result of so much water flowing in the streets, the silver street sewer is clogged.

In the case of Catharine Modrack against M. P. Fitzgerald and others, the death of the defendant, Mr. Fitzgerald has been reported. On suggestion of the parties concerned, George Weldenmaier, administrator of the estate of the decedent, has been named defendant.

Judge Young of the court of common pleas has given Jeremiah Jones, plaintiff in a suit against Mary J. Bonner and others, permission to file an amendment to his petition instanter. This suit was brought to contest the will of the late John Jones.

C. H. Keil, plaintiff in an attachment suit against William Hopps and others, has been ordered to secure costs by January 1 or have the case dismissed. Keil is a non-resident of the county.

The demurrer to the petition in the suit of F. L. Moloney against Main C. Titus has been sustained by Judge Young and leave to file amended petition has been granted. The suit is for money only.

The suit of John Leeper against the board of county commissioners, brought to cancel liens, has been dismissed.

In the suit of Frank G. Norton against the Fairbanks Steam Shovel company, the motion to answer has been sustained.

CARD OF THANKS

We sincerely thank our friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted during the illness and death of our little son Wilfred and also for the floral offerings.
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Lehman.